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PLAIN TALK.

VOL. IX.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1890.

No. 58.

FRITZ.

JENNY FAIRMAN SMITH.



"**I**CH KANN nicht Englisch," piped a childish voice.

At the sound, Miss Minerva Kindheart, a teacher who was all that her name would suggest, turned back as she was crossing the play-ground of a large public school. She wondered who the troubled owner of that plaintive German voice might be.

And that was the first time she saw Fritz.

Fritz was just from the Rhineland and a quaint little figure he made as he stood before

her. His body was drawn up with military erectness and precision. He had pulled off his blue cloth German cap with its oddly stuffed crown and held it against the breast of his woolen jacket.

His feet stood up rigidly in a pair of clumsy wooden sabots. His stockings were those heavy hand-knitted, royal purple fellows.

Miss Kindheart's pleasant, observing, blue eyes saw all this and more in one quiet glance.

She noted the broad, well-shaped German head with its pretty cover of yellow curly hair, the frank, honest face, and the steady, intelligent gray eyes.

Fritz bowed with much civility and repeated "*Ich kann nicht Englisch.*"

He said it hopelessly and his chin quivered slightly, as his eyes wandered over the groups of happy, shrill-voiced children.

They were all romping and playing just as he could, but speaking quite another language.

Fortunately, Miss Kindheart knew some German and replied to him in his own tongue.

Fritz gave a comical little sigh of relief and his face brightened at the familiar sound.

Miss Kindheart continued to talk and listen as they walked toward her school-room together.

His name was Fritz Berg.

He had just come to this city from Germany and he wanted to come to the American school, he said.

Miss Kindheart afterward learned of the little mother at home, of the sick father who was not able always to work, of sister Betta, four years old, and of the helpless baby sister who had been blind from birth.

As Fritz clattered along in his wooden shoes earnestly talking, he seemed quite unconscious of the curious stares and giggles of some of the ruder little American children.

They did not understand this new sample of childhood. They understood neither his odd clothes nor his speech and so they laughed.

Fritz thought them strange, too, but he did not stare and laugh.

Quite unconsciously Young Germany taught Young America a lesson in politeness.

Finally Fritz paused and listened curiously and carefully to the strange English words that were flying all about in the air, like so many shrill-voiced birds.

Then he looked up in Miss Kindheart's face and said emphatically: "*Ich kann nicht Englisch, aber Ich will Englisch lernen.*"

There was a steady look in his gray eyes and his mouth took a determined curve as he came to this decision.

Miss Kindheart thought to herself "Here is some good material," and vaguely wondered into what it would be shaped. "Yes, there is certainly cloth enough to make a man and if I'm a judge, it is of the quality that makes a firm, good one," mused Miss Kindheart. Then she smiled and nodded to herself, in a curious way Miss Kindheart had, and said half aloud: "Well, well, we will see what can be done for this small German American citizen."

So Fritz became a member of the school.

It was pretty steep climbing for little "Wooden Shoes" at first, as Miss Kindheart saw.

But by throwing in German words of explanation occasionally, Fritz began to understand and made a beginning.

Then he climbed with such steady, careful strides that it gave good Miss Kindheart much pleasure to watch him.

The clumsy wooden shoes Fritz seemed to find impeded his progress in this new country, so they were soon discarded for stout leather shoes of American manufacture.



Miss Kindheart missed the familiar looks and clatter of the quaint, little things, and was almost sorry to see them no more. Still she felt that this was America and not Germany, and Fritz had come to stay.

Some one else beside Miss Kindheart missed the wooden shoes. This was a sharp little Yankee boy in the school, named Tom. Tom's chief aim in life seems to be to make what he thought was a good trade.

Miss Kindheart was much amused to see Tom draw Fritz to one side of the room at recess and ask him to trade his wooden shoes in exchange for two agates and a dilapidated knife with one wriggly, rusty blade.

Fritz laughed good naturedly at Tom, but shook his head with a puzzled air saying: "I unterschant not."

As Tom was passing Miss Kindheart's desk with a crest-fallen air, she inquired: "What did you expect to do with the wooden shoes Tom?" "Make sail boats of 'em, ma'am," promptly replied Tom, as he walked sorrowfully away.

If the boys could beat Fritz for a time indoors at reading and speaking English, when they were trying the new horizontal bar that had been lately added to the play ground, they found themselves the pupils and Fritz the teacher.

He could outstrip them all with ease.

His muscles had been trained by regular instruction, and daily practice in the gymnasium, in his German home across the sea.

One day Miss Kindheart saw through the window a group of admiring boys standing near the horizontal bar in the play-ground, while Fritz swiftly and skillfully performed on it what to them seemed wonderful feats of strength.

After that the boys seemed to like Fritz.

Miss Kindheart had often observed that boys have a great admiration and respect for muscle.

Of course Fritz made some amusing blunders at first in trying to speak English.

He was gone from school one day. This was so unusual a thing, that when he appeared punctually the next morning, and made his civil bow, Miss Kindheart asked:

"Where were you, yesterday, Fritz? I missed you."

Fritz answered carelessly: "By de cow."

Miss Kindheart smiled and said: "And where is the cow?"

Quoth Fritz gravely: "He iss tite on a shtring."

Now Miss Kindheart might have thought that the cow was intoxicated, but after she had stopped laughing she wisely concluded that Fritz and the cow had been out in search of pasture.

As time went on, Fritz proved to possess sterling traits of character, as we sometimes say.

He always obeyed orders promptly, accurately, and pleasantly.

He was patient and persevering—an untiring little worker, when on duty.

He played all games out of doors as heartily as he worked indoors.

The result was that both body and brain developed surely and steadily.

Fritz seemed not to know the meaning of doing any work, even the slightest, carelessly.

His writing, maps and drawings, became the admiration of the school.

The girls pronounced them "just lovely", and the boys admitted they were "slick"; for Fritz was a general favorite.

Now do not think that Fritz was perfect, one of these goody-goody-never-never-did-wrong boys. Not at all. Fritz was a fun-loving and mischievous as any other healthy hearty boy. But he was also good-natured, truthful, manly and frank. So it was not strange that Miss Kindheart and the children heartily liked Fritz.

In a shorter time than one would think possible, Fritz read, spoke, and spelled English well.

Not just as American and English girls and boys speak it, but surprisingly well.

In time, he left Miss Kindheart's school and went to higher rooms. Everywhere he went, Miss Kindheart heard of his satisfactory progress.

Fritz unconsciously possessed the "open sesame" to the doors of success both at school and in life.

His stock in trade was the enduring one of patience, perseverance and pluck.

All went well with Fritz until he was twelve years old.

Then came trouble knocking at the door of the poor, little, German home.

The father, who had never been strong since they left Germany, grew worse and died. So the mother with Fritz, Betta, and the little blind sister, Elsa, were left without money and without a home.

The father's inability to work steadily and his final illness had interfered seriously with their efforts to pay for a snug little home.

With this trouble Fritz and his mother came to Miss Kindheart for advice and help. The mother said Fritz must leave the school. Here she shook her head and sighed.

It seemed indeed too bad to Miss Kindheart that her Fritz who was so deserving of an education, and had made such brave progress must stop just then. However, she said nothing of this to the sorrowful little mother, but promised to find some work for Fritz as soon as possible and sent her away much comforted.

Miss Kindheart sat down to think about it.

Here was Fritz, a mere child only twelve years old, in a strange land, about to attempt to fill his father's place, and take care, not only of himself, but his mother, Betta and Elsa.

Miss Kindheart knew that Fritz had a pair of careful, willing hands, a steady head, and a brave, honest heart, to help him on; yet she thought it was a heavy burden for such young shoulders.

Think of Fritz, boys, you who have comfortable homes and indulgent parents, when you feel sometimes that you have a hard time of it.

To be sure the little mother's hands were not idle at this time. German hands seldom are.

Her well knitted stockings, mittens and lace found a ready sale.

Miss Kindheart took the first thing that offered for Fritz. It was a position in the book, stationery and toy store of Mr. William Lawrence, who was old friend of Miss Kindheart's.

Mr. Lawrence had consented reluctantly to try Fritz. He thought him too young to be of much use to him as a salesman.

However, he was so pleased with his appearance the first day, when he pulled off his cap, with his pleasant smile, and civil bow, that Mr. Lawrence muttered to himself:

"I believe Miss Kindheart is right about this boy."

Fritz soon made friends of the customers by his bright, pleasing face and earnest manner when he was striving to speak good English and sell his employer's goods.

It was funny to see him, as Miss Kindheart did one day unobserved, standing with a group of little German girls around him. Fritz was holding a large, flaxen-haired doll awkwardly but carefully in his boyish hands, and telling them rapidly and earnestly in German of its perfections.

And sometimes a group of boys were to be seen around Fritz (for the children always sought him out) and he would have some wonderful mechanical toy to sell to them, and with slower, careful English words tell them "how it went."

If old people came into the store, Fritz was their favorite, for he was as polite and respectful to them as to his own mother.

Mr. Lawrence kindly allowed Fritz two evenings in each week to use as he liked.

One of these Fritz usually spent at a gymnasium; for his active young body found the close confinement and routine of store life irksome at times.

The other evenings, by Miss Kindheart's advice, Fritz spent at a Boys' Reading Club that she had formed and directed.

Here he improved his English, and added much to the handful of knowledge gained at school.

Fritz soon learned to help his employer invoice, and check off bills of goods, for he had been rapid and accurate at figures even when he wore the little wooden shoes.

When Fritz was sixteen he took lessons at night in book-keeping, and after a while was promoted to the position of book-keeper in the store.

At the end of five years, the little home was paid for by patient work and saving.

How they worked with Fritz for the Captain!

Even wet Betta had added her mite toward paying for the home-nest. For had not her willing little feet carried her back and forth daily through sunshine and storm, while her chubby hand grasped tightly the handle of a tin pail belonging to a German workman in a large factory?

He had no Betta of his own to carry his dinner.

Ten cents a week was what Betta received for this daily service.

Not much you think, but it helped.

Miss Kindheart saw the snug little home with its gay, neatly kept flower beds and vines, the snowy window curtains with the very prettiest pattern of the mother's hand-knitted lace on them, the thrifty vegetable garden, and the tiny grape-arbor, where they often ate in summer.

She saw the home-made hot-bed that the proud mother told her Fritz had contrived to make when not at the store.

Here, in early spring, they raised not only enough vegetables for their own use, but had some to sell.

For were they not to have a home some day? And a home means much.

Their simple content and happiness in their home-life was a pleasant thing to see.

One afternoon in summer, Miss Kindheart went to their house with some books for Fritz to read.

Hearing voices in the grape-arbor she went toward it, and stood behind the vines unobserved for a few moments and watched the happy picture within.

The mother was softly humming a German tune, as she deftly made ready their simple evening meal.

Betta, a round, chubby girl, with long yellow braids and laughing eyes, held gaily aloft a branch of the grape-vine.

She waved it to and fro with a rustling sound, in front of Elsa's face.

Elsa would stretch out her little hand to catch it when it sounded near.

Her patient, sweet face, with its sightless eyes, was turned aside to listen to the pretty music the leaves made.

Near by, on a bench, sat tall Fritz, jack-knife in hand, busily shaping what turned out to be a plump wooden doll for Elsa.

The doll is finished now, and Betta throws the vine aside to watch Elsa's delight at the simple plaything.

As Fritz gives it to her with a kiss, she quickly passes her small, deft, fingers over it, laughing softly in a pleased way, then suddenly clasps the doll to her heart in such a fond embrace, that the mother, Fritz and Betta all laugh together, and, turning, Fritz sees their good friend Miss Kindheart standing with the books, a silent but smiling witness of their joy.

Soon after this Miss Kindheart was called away from the city. After four years absence, she returned to her work in the city where Fritz lived.

As she sat in a street-car idly scanning the familiar streets and business houses, on the way to her boarding place from the station, a close observer would have noticed her blue eyes light up with a smile as she gave a little approving nod at no one in particular.

What she saw was a new sign in front of her old friend Mr. Lawrence's store bearing in gilt letters the names Lawrence & Berg.

Miss Kindheart got off the car and walked into the store.

A tall fine-looking, broad-shouldered, young man with close-cropped yellow hair, a blonde moustache and clear, steady, gray eyes, came forward with a frank smile and out-stretched hand; and in perfect, courteous English cordially greeted his old friend. Involuntarily, another figure rose before Miss Kindheart's eyes:—a childish one in odd garments, and clumsy, little wooden shoes, with the same smile and steady gray eyes,—the little Fritz Berg of long ago. She seemed again to hear his plaintive, "*Ich kann nicht English.*"

Then her eyes rested approvingly on the tall figure before her of Mr. Frederick Berg, the trusty junior partner of the firm of Lawrence & Berg.

As Miss Kindheart left the store and went on her way, she thought of Fritz, and how he had succeeded in overcoming difficulties since she had known him.

She realized that Fritz would seem but a tame sort of hero to the boys who delight in the daring heroes with leather belts around them filled with a goodly collection of bowie knives, revolvers, daggers and hatchets.

Heroes who always seem to fight their way through life, not with such common-place weapons as perseverance and pluck, but by constantly meeting, and never failing to kill, an amazing number of bears, tigers, and other unmanageable quadrupeds. Enough is fact to make a considerable addition to "Barnum's Colossal Greatest Show on Earth."

How they ever shot three bears with a revolver, and at the same time, with their left hand thrust a gleaming dagger into two tigers, (the same dagger) and then cut off the head of a fourth bear, who was supposed to have obligingly waited till Mr. Hero had time to kill him. I say all this was more than simple, truthful Miss Kindheart could understand.

Yet there are heroes warranted to do these things,—or paper at least.

Now Miss Kindheart could not recall one single tiger or bear that Fritz had killed.

But she did remember with pride one day at school some years ago when some of the girls ran into her room with flushed cheeks and excited eyes to tell the following story:

As they were going home from school they had seen a group of little children playing on the river bridge. They were throwing pebbles into the water and watching the circles grow bigger and bigger. When suddenly one little girl leaned her short body too far over the edge of the bridge, lost her balance and plunged into the river below.

The girls screamed, they said, but Fritz who was just behind them, pushed by them and ran quickly to the bridge.

He hastily measured the distance with his eye to the river below, threw aside his cap and coat, dived into the stream and saved the drowning child.

And there the girls told how gently Fritz carried the child to her home, and without waiting for the frightened and bewildered mother's thanks, as the children excitedly told her what had happened, slipped quietly out of the house and started again on a run for home, whistling as he went.

As Miss Kindheart thought of how much easier it is to go down than up, and of "how many hit below the mark how few above it," she felt that her friend Fritz had step by step, climbed up some of the rounds of life's difficult ladder successfully.

How much higher Fritz will climb it is impossible to tell.

"There's plenty of room at the top," you know, and Miss Kindheart feels sure he is the sort of a Fritz who will not stop where he is, but will go on climbing.

Some Miscellaneous "Hows."

AN INK suitable for type-writers' ribbons is made as follows: Aniline black, half ounce; pure alcohol, 15 ounces; concentrated glycerine, 15 ounces. Dissolve the color in the solvent and add the glycerine to bring the mixture to the required consistency to work freely.

Anyone who has had the misfortune to injure the coating of a rubber umbrella will be glad to know that it is not without remedy. A preparation of dammar varnish and asphaltum in about equal quantities, with a little turpentine, will make an easily applied coating, which makes the umbrella about as good as new again. Spots on gossamer coats and cloaks can be covered with this also.

How few persons know what is meant by a "size" in the matter of coats, shoes, etc. A size in a coat is an inch, a size in underwear is two inches, a size in a sock is one inch, in a collar one-half an inch, in a shirt one-half an inch, in shoes one-sixth of an inch, trousers one inch, gloves one-quarter of an inch and hats one-eighth of an inch.

I am delighted with PLAIN TALK; success to you.—Miss T., Lexington, Ky.

One of the best and cheapest publications that we know of is PLAIN TALK.—Herald, Watkins, N. Y.



A BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION HOUSE AT SUFFERN, N. Y.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

BY J. M. S. HAMILTON.

SECOND PAPER.

IT IS ONLY within the past few years that photography has assumed the immense proportion and place it now occupies, while its availability for research and study is constantly growing. Science has found its usefulness to mark the course and changes of the heavenly bodies, and the minute germs of the dread diseases which afflict humanity can now be studied by the physician with greater facility, while the family group around the fireside of the old homestead can be taken by the elder brother or sister, without the discomforts of a journey to the photographer's, or having to wait until he can visit them.

Artists now use the camera to a great extent for scenes which at their convenience are transferred by pen, pencil or brush to more elaborate work in the quiet of the studio. It is rare to meet with a person who cannot enjoy a picture, be it an oil painting, or a wood cut in an ordinary illustrated newspaper, and how often have we beheld a natural piece of scenery which we at the time would give almost any amount to be able to take with us, but owing to our lack of ability to portray with pencil or brush, we reluctantly leave behind us forever.

All this is now changed, for with the press of our finger upon a button, we can produce a picture which can remind us of some pleasant moment for all time. There are cameras of all descriptions, cameras which can be hung at the neck and within the vest, permitting by the pressure of a button the taking of the photograph of any unsuspecting person; cameras which can be carried in the hand, presenting all the appearance of an ordinary gripsack; cameras about the size of a brick and smaller, which can be carried by the most delicate lady without fear of becoming overburdened.

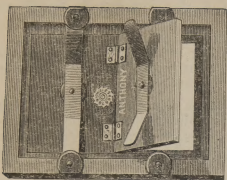
Most of these cameras, however, require to be held by the hand steadily when taking the photograph, and some are fitted with a spool of transparent film, which, when de-

veloped, presents the appearance of a piece of mica with the picture stamped thereon. These spools are fitted to take a hundred small pictures but must then be sent, camera, film and all, to some professional to be refilled and the pictures developed, but one cannot be sure of having the views desired until the pictures are returned, when some totally undesirable ones may be found instead of the ones most desired, as the slightest deflection of the camera when held to take the picture will give a view which it was not intended to take.

After the plate has been developed, as stated in the May number of *PLAIN TALK*, the picture should appear upon it plain and distinct, but to insure a good plate (or negative) good judgment must be used in timing the exposure when the picture is being taken. If the day is bright and sunny less time should be given than when the day is hazy and the sunlight not so strong. An underexposed plate, or plate which has not been exposed long enough, has a weak and indistinct look and the contrasts of light and shade will be but poorly marked and give an unsatisfactory picture when printed upon the paper. This plate may be corrected to some extent by the use of an intensifier, but the amateur had better get pretty well advanced before he undertakes to intensify.

That it is very easy to produce something out of the ordinary may be judged by the illustration on next page. One would suppose that the picture of the boy is of one troubled with elephantis, while it is only a picture of a child with the feet out of focus. From this it can be seen how requisite it is to have all things in the photograph at the proper focus, and how easy to spoil some very creditable production by some one prominent feature being out of focus.

The transfer of the picture from the plate to the paper is very simple and can be done by anyone. The paper upon which the picture is printed is coated upon one side with silver, like the plate, making it very sensitive to a white light or sun light. When the picture is ready for printing, the plate should be placed within the printing frame with the sensitive or gelatine side inward: the paper is then placed upon the plate and the back of the printing frame



PRINTING FRAME.

then placed in position and the plate exposed to the sun light, which penetrates the plate and according to its density transfers an exact copy upon the paper, only that where the plate appears dark, upon the paper that portion will appear light and where the plate is light and transparent upon the paper it will appear dark.

The back of the printing frame is divided in two parts and the divided parts are hinged together. This is to permit examination of the picture while printing, to see when printed enough, as it would be impossible to lift the paper en tire and return it again to the exact spot, but with the divided back one-half of the paper can be raised and the other half of the back retains the entire sheet of paper in the correct place.



If the sun is strong the printing can be done in a minute or two. After the picture is printed upon the paper it will fade unless made permanent in a fixing bath, but if the picture is taken directly from the printing frame and placed in the fixing bath it takes a brick red color, which is not desirable. To avoid this the picture is put through a toning process by which is meant the substituting of gold for silver upon the surface of the picture, and gives it the purplish black tone as seen in the ordinary photograph.

There are any number of formulas used in the manufacture of the toning solution which is composed of the chloride of gold, acetate of soda and distilled water in the following quantities: 1 grain of gold, 30 grains of soda, and 10 ozs. of water. By some it is said the beauty of a photograph lies in its toning, while others maintain that the tone is acquired when the plate is exposed and the picture taken, but one thing is assured, there is a great difference between a picture which has been put through the toning process and one which has not been so treated.

Toning is quite an art, and although easily mastered, requires judgment and discretion and for this reason many amateurs dislike the bother and loss of time involved in ex-

perimenting and prefer to have their pictures toned and mounted by a professional. This, however, robs the picture of half its value to the amateur, as it cannot then be said to have been done by him as it is half done by a professional.

Others, still, prefer to have the professional do three-fourths of the work, by developing the plate as well as toning and mounting the picture upon the card.

Toning solution can be purchased from any photographic supply house, and it is perhaps better to procure it already prepared for use. It will come in two bottles, one of acetate of soda, and one of the chloride of gold; and will be accompanied with full directions for use.

HOW TO DO IT.

Original contributions solicited for this page. Send sketches, no matter how rough with descriptions, when possible, and illustrations will be made.

A Pleasant Summer Drink.

IN ONE glass place a desert spoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of common baking-soda, and a little ginger or such other flavoring as may be preferred. In another glass place one-half teaspoonful of tartaric acid. Fill each glass half full of cold water, and stir well. Then pour the contents of both glasses together, and drink at once.

To Mark Tools.

THIS CAN easily be done as follows: First, clean the place you wish to mark and then cover it with a thin layer of beeswax, raising the edges so as to form a basin. Now write your name in the wax with a sharp instrument, cutting it through to the steel. When this is done, fill the basin with undiluted nitric acid or aqua fortis, and let it stand awhile. The longer it stands the deeper it will cut. Then wash with water. The same process can be applied to hard wood, but great care is required.

A Cement that will Stick to Anything.

TAKE TWO ounces of clear gum arabic, one ounce and a half of fine starch, and one-half ounce of white sugar. Pulverize the gum arabic, and dissolve it in as much water as the laundress would use for the quantity of starch indicated. Dissolve the starch and sugar in the gum solution. Then cook the mixture in a vessel suspended in boiling water, until the starch becomes clear. The cement should be as thick as tar, and kept so. It can be kept from spoiling by dropping in a lump of gum-camphor, or a little oil of cloves or saffrasa. This cement is very strong indeed, and will stick perfectly to glazed surfaces and is good to repair broken rocks, minerals, or fossils.

How to Indorse a Check.

DID YOU ever have a check to indorse? Do you know how to do it properly? The rules are somewhat arbitrary, but it is well to know just how to do it. Now, then:

1. Write *across* the back—not lengthwise.
2. The top of the *back* is the *left* end of the *face*.
3. Sign your name just the same as it appears on the face. If "J. Smith," write "J. Smith;" if "Chas. C. Smith," write "Chas. C. Smith." If erroneously spelt on the face, indorse both ways; first the wrong way, then the right.
4. If you merely wish to show that the check has passed through your hands, write only your name.
5. If you wish to deposit the check, write above your name, "For Deposit."
6. If a check has simply your indorsement it becomes then payable to "bearer" and if lost the money might be collected by the finder. Therefore if you wish to pay the check over to another person it is best to write on the back above your name, "Pay to the order of—"

PHILATELY.

ALVAH DAVISON, - - - - - EDITOR,
176 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE *Southern Philatelist* has made great strides in the way of size since I last saw it. The May number consists of twenty-four pages with cover, and few of its contemporaries can boast of this.

In the two score years that *Philately* has been followed as a pastime, etc., says Alvah Davison in PLAIN TALK. Strikely me Brother D. is stretching it a little. Who commenced collecting in the fifties?—*Philatelic Tribune*.

There is more than one collector in N. Y. City, whose collection dates back to the time mentioned.

Mr. J. C. Becker of Bloomington, Ill., is a collector in more senses than one. He has, for the past year, been collecting stamps—in the shape of taxes—for the city and he has filled the position so well that he has just been re-elected to the position without opposition.

Mr. H. E. Deats made several visits to the city recently, to consult an oculist, his eyesight having failed to such a degree as to require him to give up his studies. His many friends will wish him a speedy and permanent cure, and I trust that condition has already been reached.

The Memorial Number of the *Youth's Companion* contains a story entitled "The Silver Dollar." It is based on the finding of one of the rare 1804 dollars, which it states was sold to a Bostonian for eight hundred dollars. This coin is valued at about one thousand dollars.

Having a half hour to spare in Philadelphia, a short time ago, I hunted up MacCalla in Dock Street. He and McAllister made my stay so exceedingly pleasant that it came within an inch of costing me my train. Moral: Don't call on a stamp collector if you only have a half hour to spare.

The lawsuit between the Scott Stamp and Coin Co. and the J. W. Scott Co., was resumed a short time ago, before Judge Friedman. Both sides had their say, through numerous witnesses, and the Judge is now sitting up o' nights conning the evidence in an effort to see wherein the J. W. Co. is injuring the other fellows' business.

I have seen press notices regarding the *Universal Philatelic Advertiser*, but copies of it are exceedingly scarce as I have never been able to get one. And, by the way, what has become of the *Progressive Philatelist*, one number of which was published about February? I filled about three pages of that issue, but was never favored with a copy of it.

The *Philatelist* is taking a vote on the question "Who is the most prominent philatelist?" Up to March 31st, out of 162 votes sent in, Mr. J. W. Scott received 74, this being the highest number, while Mr. Tiffany comes in second with 57 votes. A large part of Mr. Scott's votes come from the younger element, among whom he ranks as the Prince of Philatelists, his name being with them a household word.

Mr. C. B. Corwin has started an association which has christened the "Anti-Surcharge Association." The members pledge themselves not to collect, buy, sell or exchange any locally surcharged stamps issued on or after January first, 1890. By locally surcharged stamps, are meant those which are put out mostly for speculative purposes, and with no good reason for the surcharges. Mr. Corwin hopes to create a popular feeling against this class of stamps and thereby discourage their production, as they undoubtedly should not be produced were there not thousands ready to purchase them.

The reader is probably familiar with the details of the "Seeback contract," over which considerable controversy was held a few months ago. The following clipping gives the matter in a nutshell:

The Government of Honduras changes its postal stamps annually. The design of these stamps this year is pretty much more elaborate and striking than the stamps of any of the other Spanish-American republics. The Postmaster General, Mr. Burt Cecil, speaking of this said: "It is because it is no expense to the government at all that we make the change every year. Honduras has a contract with a large engraving concern in New York to furnish us with all the stamps of all denominations we want and of any design we select free, we simply to return at the end of each year all the unused stamps and to receive a fresh supply of the new designs. The New York house makes its profit from the stamp collectors. There are tens of thousands of these cranks all over the world. At the end of each year the uncancelled Honduran stamps of that year can only be had from the New York engravers. They, having a monopoly, make the collectors pay roundly, and I hear, make a good thing out of it."—*N. Y. Press*.

Alex S. Daguet has joined the N. P. S. He, remember, manufactures the new postal cards.—*Keynote Stamp News*.

Not the manufacturer but his son.

John Wannamaker is getting a heap of abuse over the new set of stamps, some even intimating that they will soon be retired. It is indeed hard to suit everyone.

The following clipping from a recent number of the *New York Press*, gives an editor's opinion of that much debated question regarding a million postage stamps. Is the writer, Mr. T. C. Watkins, editor of the defunct *Empire State Philatelist*?

To the Editor of The Press: Kindly inform me through your paper if one million cancelled postage stamps entitles an aged woman to a home for the remainder of her life, in a "home for aged women?"—THOMAS WATKINS, NEW YORK.

This question has been answered very often. One million cancelled postage stamps are worth their weight as old paper.

The question is often asked "Why do we not have a registered letter stamp?" To many, the reason is plain. Having such a stamp would necessitate the carrying of a supply for emergencies, or a trip to the post-office every time you desired to register a letter. Again, registered stamps would meet with many objections which are now accorded to the Special Delivery stamp. Many people would place them on a letter irrespective of its weight, believing that it must carry it because it is a registered stamp. Under the present method, all such errors are corrected when the letter is handed in for registration.

The members of the American Philatelic Association, residing in New York and vicinity, are beginning to take an active interest in the coming convention of that body. It will be the largest gathering of stamp collectors this country has ever seen. The Board of Trustees of the Association—who are the Convention Committee for this year—are devising ways and means to properly celebrate the affair, and every member who lives within five hundred miles is advised (privately) to either buy, beg or borrow a passage, as they will never regret it. The affair will throw in the shade all previous conventions, and all outside members who attend are assured of a rousing good time.

A Philatelic Prize.

THE PUBLISHERS offer a prize of a handsome leather-bound "Youth's Companion" Stamp Album for the best short essay, of not more than 250 words, on "Why I am a Stamp Collector." This competition is not confined to subscribers but is "open to the world." Essays must be in by the 25th of July.

Carrying Mails in Egypt.

"From the point where the railroad ends, the Egyptian and Nubian mails are carried by runners stationed at distances of four miles all along the route. Each man runs his four miles and at the end thereof finds the next man ready to snatch up his bag and start off at full speed immediately. The next man transfers it in like manner to the next; and so it goes by day and night without a break till it reaches the first railroad station. Each runner is supposed to do his four miles in half an hour, and the mail which goes out every morning from Luxor reaches Cairo in six days. Considering that Cairo is 450 miles away, that 268 miles of this distance had to be done on foot, and that the trains went only once a day, we thought this is a very creditable speed."

UNDER date of May 21, a prominent stamp dealer writes: I feel as if I must write and let you know how pleased I am with my ad. in PLAIN TALK. I have received to date about twenty-five answers, which I think is splendid, considering ad. is only an inch space. If you wish to refer any one to me do so, and will give P. T. a great send off.

PLAIN TALK is a paper which pleases all young people. We can do no better service for the boys and girls who read our paper than to suggest that they write for a sample copy, which will be sent free—*Plain Dealer*, North Vernon, Ind.

Story writers should not forget the prize offer in the last month's paper. It is worth trying for.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Contributions to this department are solicited from all readers. Questions will be answered by competent authorities.

News and Notes.

AN ENGLISH sparrow became entangled in a network of electric and telegraph wires in one of the busiest streets of Cincinnati the other day and was killed, but hung to the wires. Immediately sparrows began to arrive from all sections of the city, and they covered the roofs like a huge blanket. There were thousands upon thousands of them. They filled the air over the spot, and their noise completely drowned the noise of the street. They remained in the locality for nearly three hours.

The London Zoological Garden has just received a few specimens of the bird known as the umbrette. These birds build one of the largest nests known, and are members of the stork tribe, but are in many particulars related to the heron. The bird itself is about eighteen inches long, the nest six feet in diameter. Moreover, with a luxuriousness unknown among birds, the nest is divided into three compartments; one contains the eggs, one is a dining-room, and the last a kind of look-out room. It is expected that Londoners will have a chance of seeing this wonderful nest at the Zoological Gardens, unless it is true that the bird gets its building done for it by forced labor.

A great destruction of life took place upon the old Lawton farm, two miles up the river. For several generations there has been a muskrat pond about twenty rods from the Kennebec, consisting of a half acre or more, besides eight acres of splendid land which was made worthless by its surroundings, which was drained across to the river by laying a sewer under ground five to nine feet deep. When the water was drawn off to near the bottom the men noticed that it was charged with animated life, and as the bottom began to appear the struggle increased, and it was estimated there were from two to four cart loads of lizards from two to five inches in length, mixed with reptiles shaped like the tadpole, four and five inches long, and a promiscuous collection of bugs and smaller fry, some of which looked like green grasshoppers.—*Skowhegan Reporter*.

How to Start an Aquarium.

FEW people know how much pleasure can be gained from an aquarium; not a round glass vessel with a rock and a couple of gold-fish,—though even this can be interesting, as the little fish soon become quite tame,—but a natural history aquarium, with all of the queer and interesting little inhabitants of the brooks and springs brought under your eye. Nothing could be more interesting to a family of children, placed out of the reach of such things, or to a chronic invalid, for whom some amusement must be contrived.

Any of the usual aquaria will serve for a starting-point, or a large glass bowl or deep dish with clear glass sides. To stock your aquarium, take a walk in the Park to some of the wilder and unfrequented portions, and with a scoop-net of wire netting dip up the water and mud from the shallow brooks and pools which abound. You will see wriggling in it the lively fresh-water cray-fish, the lizard-like salamander, the larvae of many of the water beetles,—indeed, a perfect "find" of animal life. These you transfer to a preserving jar with screw top, partly filled with water, and pursue your search till you have enough. You must be careful not to overstock your aquarium.

You should have a bunch of the fine water plant, such as may be bought at the stores where aquaria are sold, and a piece of rock or rough cement to place in the aquarium. Empty your jar into a basin with some clear water, and take out your treasures with a little net, which you can easily contrive of netting fastened to a circle of wire or whale-bone, and drop them into the aquarium, which must be nearly filled with clear, cold water.

Now your aquarium is started, and will take care of itself. It is not necessary to feed the animals, though a little sliced worm at times will not hurt them. They will support life for a long time on what they find in the water,—possibly

some will support it by lunching on each other. If after several weeks the water gets green and turbid, dip it out, and refill the aquarium.

Here you can study nature, watching the little things dart hither and thither, engaging in their tiny struggles, and always full of life. If any should cease to be full of life, however, and float on the top of the water, remove it at once or the others will die also. If you will once try this pretty, and interesting experiment you will not be without one.

What is Said of a Cat's Whiskers.

THE long hairs on the side of a cat's face are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of fine glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the lion, as well as the common cat. From point to point, they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustling of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads (the claws never coming in contact with the ground), they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake, which creeps along the grass and is not perceived until it is coiled round its prey. Is this evolution? or design?

The Eyes of a Boy.

THE BOY of whom I write is never at a loss to find something to observe. Last year a heavy shower caught him while he was fishing. From his retreat he kept his eye out to see whatever there was to be seen, and shortly observed the dragon flies, great and little, settling in the brook grass for shelter from the rain. Before the shower was fairly over he saw the cedar birds come and drive the dragon flies from their covert, hunting them down in all their lace-winged finery. The great three-inch dragon flies, painted with black and yellow, were too strong for the birds, but the little slender fellows done up in fancy colors—brown, green, blue, and dusky—became meat for the hunters.

This fall, when paddling up Caucomgomac stream, we saw cedar birds sitting out on the rush beds near the middle of the stream. This was just after a shower. Had they been catching dragon flies? The boy was not there to tell us.

Some time ago I remonstrated with him for throwing stones at a kingbird, but I was told that he was doing it only to please the bird. True enough it did please the bird. From his perch on a high tree the kingbird calculated the curve of each stone, chattering his defiance as the missile wizzed by, rising a few feet when he saw that it came too near, only to settle again in the same place.

As it amused both bird and boy I allowed it to continue, and for several days the king bird returned daily to enjoy the sport.

One could not be even the best of boys and not sometimes enjoy hectoring other creatures, but frequently the most distress is caused by the most innocent intentions. The boy is always bringing home "chippies" and young robins, leaving the distracted parents to mourn until their offspring is returned. One poor song sparrow doubtless denounced him as a murderer because he choked one of his yellow-mouthed nestlings by feeding it with strawberries against her expressed wishes, although the jury impeached on the case gave in an acquittal.

Once I knew him to catch in his hands a full-grown yearling common tern, perfectly able to fly. From babyhood this boy's cry has been for "sum-sin alive to play wiv." No matter what the creature was—a dog, a kitten (any stray kitten was treated by him like a princess in disguise) a bird, a young mouse, or even a toad.—*Forest and Stream*.

• • PLAIN TALK • •

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NEW YORK, JUNE, 1890.

ONE indication of the popularity of PLAIN TALK is the frequency with which articles from its pages appear in other periodicals—for the most part without credit.

THE readers of this paper are once more urged to contribute to the different departments. If you can do nothing more, ask questions for the "Correspondence Club."

SAYS the Fort Howard, Wis., *Review*: PLAIN TALK always "speaks for itself." Every boy and girl should subscribe for it. It is overflowing with information that they are in search of, and don't know where to get it. The pages of PLAIN TALK are full of it.

THE kindly interest and good-will of its readers is part of the capital stock of any paper. If you are interested in PLAIN TALK you can do its publishers real service by calling the attention of your friends to the paper, by securing their subscriptions, or by forwarding their names to this office for the sending of sample copies.

A WESTERN lady to whom a copy of this paper was sent writes: "Allow me to acknowledge the receipt of PLAIN TALK. I like it. If I were to offer any criticism on the number you sent, it would be too few illustrations and not especially good ones. Perhaps considering the subscription price. I ought not to say this. I have an unfortunate habit of saying exactly what I think at times. Pardon my frankness. I read PLAIN TALK aloud from cover to cover to a dear little old lady in spectacles, whose occasional smile and nod spoke well for it. At the end she looked over the tops of her glasses and exclaimed with fervor, 'Every word of that is good, daughter.' Now I feel sure you will not mind what I said."

IT IS a mistaken notion that a young man has only to wait for luck to be on his side to make his life an assured success. Edison states that he has never stumbled upon any of his hundreds of inventions, but that each one has been carefully and laboriously carried out. Work in the right direction always pays. Here are two instances in point: A young man who possessed a knowledge of chemistry happened some years ago to be in the northern peninsula of Michigan. While there he observed that the Portage river and

Lake Linden were of a copper color, and, when he asked the cause, was told that it was copper that had escaped from the smelting and stamping mills of the Calumet and Hecla mines. The young man donned his thinking cap, and then requested the company to allow him to experiment with a view of saving this copper. The company was only too glad to offer facilities. So the young man gave up his summer vacation and set to work, and was able to devise a method by which about 4 per cent. of the copper mined was saved, and almost pure copper, too. The young professor no longer earns a trifling salary, but has acquired a comfortable income by this summer vacation. Some years ago, a mechanic, riding in a railway train, was jolted and jarred as in early days of railway travel passengers were apt to be. He didn't fret and fume as the other passengers did, but began to study and experiment with a view to making a spring that would reduce jolting to a minimum. He at last succeeded, and his spring was adopted by every railroad in the country. He is no longer a poor mechanic.

THERE is not a more entertaining writer on out-door subjects than John Burroughs, and we advise every PLAIN TALK boy and girl to make it a point to read his books and magazine articles whenever opportunity offers. From an article in the last *Chautauquan*, it appears that Mr. Burroughs is a close observer of human nature, as well as of bird-life. "Happiness comes most," he writes, "to people who seek her least and think least about her. It is not an object to be sought; it is a state to be induced. It must follow and not lead. It must overtake you, and not you overtake it. A contented mind is the first condition of happiness, but what is the first condition of a contented mind? You will be disappointed when I tell you what this all important thing is, it is so common, so near at hand, and so many people have so much of it and yet are not happy. They have too much of it, or else the kind that is not best suited to them. What is the best thing for a stream? It is to keep moving. If it stops, it stagnates. So the best thing for a man is that which keeps the currents going, the physical, moral, and intellectual currents. Hence the secret of happiness is—something to do; some congenial work. Take away the occupation of all men and what a wretched world it would be. Half of it would commit suicide in less than ten days."

The True "Plain Talk" Boy Should Be

POLITE.
Honest.
Stodious.
Clean-mouthed.
Earnest in work and play.
Loyal to his mother and sisters.
Respectful to those older than himself.
Quick to turn a cold-shoulder to evil companions and disreputable amusements.

The True "Plain Talk" Girl Should Be

MODEST.
Refined.
Thoughtful.
Pure in heart.
Neat in dress and person.
Eager to confide in her mother.
Unselfish, unaffected, courteous, amiable.
A guiding-star for right and purity to brothers and friends.

Young Chautauquans.



EVERYONE has heard of Chautauqua and the Chautauqua Reading Circles, but has thought of it only in connection with grown people. The men who have charge of Chautauqua know very well where the men and women of to-morrow are to be found, and so they have made every provision for them. Let us imagine ourselves in the beautiful little city by Chautauqua Lake in Western New York, and fancy that a bright boy of twelve is our guide.

"This," he says "is the gymnasium. There are classes here all day. There are the kids' performing now. They don't do much except march around and hop and jump. You ought to see our class. We do all kind of things. Just feel my muscle. You come up here this afternoon and see me on the bar. The young men's classes are fine. They have out-door sports, too. Now these kids ain't much fun to watch. When they get through here some of them go to the kindergarten, and others play in the sand piles down by the lake, and they wade, too. I used to do all that but I'm past it now. Seen enough?"

While our guide has been chattering on, we have looked about the large building filled with apparatus of every kind, bars, rings, chest-weights, spring-boards, climbing ropes and the countless other necessities of a well-equipped gymnasium. On the smooth floor thirty or forty little men and maidens are going through graceful exercises under the direction of a pleasant-faced, splendidly developed instructor. Over in one corner two girls are fencing and in another a glove match is going on between two active young fellows. It is a grateful sight, this airy room with its active occupants. We may well begin following the example of the ancient Greeks in the matter of bodily exercise.

THE KINDERGARTEN HALL.



"Ain't you ready to go?" says our impatient escort.

"Whither now?" we ask.

"We'd better go to the tennis courts. They're playing a tournament."

A few minutes' walk toward the lake and past the great



old.

"They're playing ladies singles" our cicerone vouches in explanation of the excitement. We manage to get within a seeing distance of the court. Two girls of perhaps twenty are struggling hard for the third and deciding "set." The balls skim over the net in a professional way. The "serving" of one is said by an expert to be capital. Back and forth flies the white ball each time put in play. Now a point goes to one side, now to the other. At last there is a cheer and loud clapping of hands. The sinewy Wellesley girl has won and is receiving warm congratulations from her friends and supporters.

"There are more courts than this scattered over the grounds, but they always play the matches here" resumed our little friend. "Come this way please. Here's where we have lots of fun."

We follow him for some distance along the shore toward a very irregular piece of ground perhaps three hundred feet long.

"This is Palestine. That little pond is the sea of Galilee, and that kind of a gutter is the Jordan and way down there is the Dead Sea. We learn about these things in our children's class every morning. At first I wasn't much struck on having Sunday School every day, but the way the man runs this class is real interesting. I like it first rate. We have short lessons you know, and at the end there's a prize examination. I'm studying hard and I've got my eye on that prize. But we have loads of fun here playing over the little hills and jumping the Jordan. These little white towns used to be made out of plaster and we mixed 'em up considerable. But now they're cast-iron and anchored at that so we don't disturb 'em much. See the lake there, that's the Mediterranean Sea. And that mountain with the white-wash snow is Mt. Hermon. I bet you can't stick me on any of the big mountains and rivers and lakes."



We do not test our guide's information which he has already generously shared with us, but follow him up the shore again beyond the tennis courts to the ball-field where a crowd of young men are practicing batting, fielding and base-running.

"They're the regular Chautauqua Nine. See that fellow batting-up to the out-fielders? That's Staggy the great Yale pitcher. He comes every summer. Did you ever see him pitch? My, but he just pastes them in! None of the nines that come here can hit him at all. I wouldn't want to catch for him, would you? We have match games two or three times a week. Big crowds come out then, you better believe. We've got a small nine of youngest boys about my age. I play second base. Hard place to fill ain't it? I ain't made four or four errors in two weeks. That's good playing don't you think?"

We watch the players for a time and then return.

"That's the bathing-house. Some of the fellows and all the girls go in there, but most of us run down the shore a half mile and go in there. It's an awful bother to wear a bathing-suit I think."

"What's that building?" we ask as we walk up from the lake, toward a white open sided hall in the Greek style.



"Why that's the Hall in the Grove" where the C. L. S. C. meets. Don't you know about that. I'm going to join when I grow up. I belong to the young folks reading circle now. It's a good thing, I think. The books are just right for me and I don't have to screw my courage up much to tackle them, no sir."

"Do you like Chautauqua?" is our last question.

"Yes sir. It's the best place I know of for boys and girls. Something going on all the time, plenty to do—there's just no end of fun. My mother says when she gets us children once inside the gate she just says 'shoo!' and don't worry about us any more. Say, if you've got any boys and girls bring 'em along. They'll say Chautauqua is the jolliest place they were ever in. Good bye, I'm going fishing for shiner's off the dock."

THE

American Archæological Association.

President, A. F. BERLIN, Allentown, Pa.
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Secretary's Report.

WITH the advent of Summer, the collectors' thoughts naturally turn to prospective trips in search of specimens, and as every collector knows his own locality, it occurred to me that possibly some of the members of the Association are aware of exceptionally good places, which if made known, might be of great advantage to other members either in the vicinity or further away. Through such publication, many pleasant trips might be arranged which would be of mutual profit. The suggestion is given for what it is worth.

Should any of the members not have received a copy of the laws of the Association, I shall be pleased to send them upon notice to that effect.

I have only been favored with one application this month, but that is worthy of note as the applicant has a collection numbering 3,287 specimens, mostly of the Mound Builders'.

Following is a list of applicants:

Breevort Butler, Enola, Yazoo Co., Miss. References, D. C. Love, Sheriff; S. S. Griffin, city clerk; Yazoo Co.

A. DAVISON, Secretary.

To the Members of the American Archæological Association.

THE second year of the American Archæological Association is rapidly nearing its end. The past year has brought to the organization a goodly number of new members, and applications for membership appear to be continually coming in. This is a state of affairs very satisfactory. There are, however, in this broad expanse of country hundreds of collectors, devoted to Archæology, who should show no hesitation in becoming members. The price of admission, too, is very reasonable. I hope to see at the end of the third year double the present strength.

I would suggest to the members the propriety of holding a convention this year. Where and when can be decided upon by them. Let it be in the early fall when the weather is both cool and pleasant, and in some center having a fine Archæological museum. It would, too, be an excellent idea to have members bring with them, as much as is convenient, some of their Archæological treasures.

The term of service of the officers of the American Archæological Association, which are a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian, expires with the close of the second year. Art. IV, Sec. 4, of the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association require an election for new officers. Hold yourselves in readiness for this event, and be prompt in sending in your votes. *The Official Journal* will, in its columns, instruct the voters and note the proper time.

A. F. BERLIN, President.

THE beautiful red stone pipes in the collections of Indian objects are made from a stone called catlinite. We are told by Mr. E. A. Barber that for many generations, the aborigines have procured this material from the great pipe-stone quarry situated on the dividing ridge between the sources of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers at a place called by the French, Coteau des Praires. This mineral was named after Catlin, the celebrated traveler, who was the first white man permitted by the Indians to visit the quarry. It is a very soft material, consisting chiefly of clay. The gray variety contains some argillite, and is not so highly prized as the red, since it cannot be so easily carved. It occurs in veins running through the hard rock, which is extensively quarried for building stone. The Indians of the surrounding country attach a superstitious value to the stone, and they have many fanciful legends to account for the existence of this soft, bright red vein in the hard, gritty rock. Every year they make a long journey to procure a supply of it.

GEOLOGY.

CONDUCTED BY S. H. WOOD.

DISCUSSIONS have been prevalent over the propriety of classifying minerals, rocks and fossils together, under the common head of *Geology*, and have ended in favor of such classification.

G. F. Kunz, gem expert for Tiffany, reports the occurrence of a rich yellow topaz on the Cheyenne mountains, El Paso Co., Colorado.

A geologist as well any other of the many kinds of collectors should have a scrap-album in which to paste short notes, etc., found in the newspapers and magazines. Try it and in a few months you will be fully repaid for your small outlay.

One of the most interesting fossil species is the *Gastropod* of the Silurian age; and it is also the most interesting as opening a large field for study. There are two varieties—the *maclurina magna* and the *murchisonia-bellincina*. The former is sometimes found five inches across, and the latter four inches in length.

I present below three interesting facts, worthy to be preserved viz:

- (1) The greatest copper mine is in Anaconda—Montana.
- (2) The greatest silver mine is in Granite Mountain—Montana.
- (3) The greatest gold mine is in Drum Summit—Montana.

Of all these, the silver mine is the best dividend-paying mineral mine on the continent.

Felspar or Feldspar?—Which is the right spelling of this much-abused mineral? The word originally was *FELDSPAR* coming from "Spar-from-the-field," and eventually the *i* was dropped leaving the latter pronunciation the correct one.

Nero, upon the news of his downfall is said to have thrown upon the floor, a goblet made of Rock Crystal, and costing the equal to \$3,000 in United States' coinage.

An association of Geologists for the exchange of duplicate specimens is one of the latest and finest things thought of for both advanced and beginners. All those thinking such an association worthy of support send their name on a postal card to me, and I will send full account. It will be a fine thing.

SCHMIEDBARENGUSS is the inconveniently long name given to a new composite metal or mineral. Almost marvellous properties are claimed for it. It is composed of pig-iron, wrought-iron, copper and aluminum, bronze alloy and a flux. It is produced direct from the cupola without annealing, yet it can be welded and hammered like iron or steel, and can be manufactured at a less cost than malleable iron or steel castings. It endures a tensile strain of 163,000 pounds per sq. inch, that being the limit of the machine on which the trial was made. It is the discovery of Mr. Hasfelt, Newport, Kentucky, who is noted for his experiments in producing aluminum.

Cyathocrinus, a species of Silurian Crinoid, or rather the technical name for that fossil, is found as a *Wenlock Limestone* composed of the calcareous stems, arms, and cups of the crinoid, and by some is mistaken for the *rain prints* or *rain impressions* spoken of by Sir Charles Lyell in his "Manual of Geology," on page 381-82.

Among the mollusks, a species worthy of mention is *Terebratula-hastata* as it often retains the pattern of the original colored stripes which ornamented the living shell.

Different species of *Crinoidans*, or stone lilies, are common in rocks with corals, and like them must have enjoyed a firm bottom where their root or base of attachment remained undisturbed for years. This fossil is confined, almost, to the limestones, but an exception occurs at Bradford, near Bath, where they are enveloped in clay.

Beginners are asked to use this department, and send any questions on Geology, they wish. They will be answered by competent authorities.

The Emerald in America.

THE EMERALD and aquamarine are mineralogically included in the species of beryl. Their difference in color is due to slight traces of other compounds. They crystallize in the rhombohedral system, almost always in six-sided prisms. The specific gravity of the transparent beryl is very nearly 2.7, the hardness of the aquamarine being 8 and the emerald variety 7.8. The emeralds from Muso are less hard than the aquamarine from Siberia. They are also found in Takowaja, Siberia, and at Zabara, near the Red Sea, in upper Egypt, and in Habachtal, Tyrol. This latter locality evidently furnished some of the material used in ancient Rome. The finest emeralds are found in isolated crystals and in geodes with calcite quartz, iron pyrites, and parasite, and in a clay slate rock containing fossiliferous limestone concretions, at the Muso Mine, near Santa Fe de Bogata, New Grenada. Fine blue and green beryls are found in Brazil, Hindoostan, Ceylon, and in the mica schist of the right bank of the Takowaja River, Ekatarinburg, Siberia. The emerald variety of beryl is among the most remarkable of American gem minerals. In Alexander County, N. C., emeralds, or beryls suggesting them, have been found at five different points, with quartz, rutile (some of the finest ever found), dolomite, muscovite, garnet, apatite, pyrite, etc., all in fine crystals. One of these localities, Stony Point, is about thirty-five miles southeast of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and sixteen miles northeast of Statesville, N. C. The surface of the country is rolling, the altitude being about 1,000 feet above sea level. The soil, which is not very productive, is generally a red, gravelly clay, resulting from the decomposition of the gneissoid, and under these circumstances it is not difficult to find the sources of minerals discovered on the surface. Prof. Washington C. Kerr's theory of the "frost-drift" is strongly confirmed by the conditions that prevail throughout this region. The unaltered rock was found at Stony Point at a depth of 26 feet and is unusually hard, especially the walls of the gem-bearing pockets. A corporation called the Emerald or Hiddenite Mining Company was organized to work the property at Stony Point, and has prosecuted the search for gems irregularly, for periods, varying from one week to eight months of each year. The entire output, including specimens and gems, has amounted to about \$15,000. The history of the discovery of the deposit and its subsequent development is best told in the words of William E. Hidden, the Superintendent. Recounting the discovery of the mine, he says, "Sixteen years ago the site of the mine now being worked was covered with a dense primitive forest. Less than ten years ago (1871), this country was mineralogically a blank; nothing was known to exist here having any special value or interest. Whatever we know of it to-day is due directly or indirectly to the earnest field work done here in the past seven years by J. A. D. Stephenson, a native of the country, now a well-to-do and respected merchant of Statesville, N. C. Under a promise of reward for success, he engaged the farmers for miles around to search carefully over the soil for minerals, Indian Relics, etc., and for several years he enjoyed surprising success in this gathering specimens. . . . The amount and variety of the material gathered in this way was simply astonishing, and his sanguine expectations were more than realized. To be brief and to the point I will state that from a few localities in the Country Mr. Stephenson would occasionally procure crystals of beryl of the ordinary kind, but now and then a semi-transparent prism of beryl, having a decided grass-green tint, would be brought to him. These the farmers named 'green rocks or bolts,' and became the principal object of the people's searching. Mr. Stephenson had told them that a dark-green beryl would be valuable if clear and perfect, would in fact be the emerald, and for them to search more carefully than ever to find one. Surely, he had informed the people aright, and had given them a rare vista to look for. It is sufficient to say that within a period of about six years there was found on three plantations in this country, loose in the soil, a number, say ten, of veritable emeralds, none of which, however, were dark-colored or transparent enough for use as gems. All of these specimens went into Mr. Stephenson's collection, with the single exception of one very choice crystal obtained at that locality by the late John T. Humphreys, which crystal is now in the New York

State Museum at Albany, after first being in the collection of the late Doctor Eddy of Providence." The original find consisted of nine crystals, one of which was $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, and weighed 9 ounces; one was 5 inches; others were over 3 inches in length. For two months during the summer of 1885, mining was carried on with flattering success. In the soil overlying the rock, nine crystals of emerald were found, all doubly terminated and measuring from 1 inch to $\frac{3}{4}$ inch (25 to 77 millimeters) in width. This latter crystal is very perfect as a specimen; it is of a fine light-green color, is doubly terminated, and weighs $8\frac{3}{4}$ ounces, or only $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce less than the famous Duke of Devonshire emerald crystal. Another crystal, doubly terminated, and measuring $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches (63 millimeters) by 11-12 inch (23 millimeters) is filled with large rhombohedral cavities, formerly containing dolomite. As mineral specimens, these crystals are quite unique. The only gem which has been cut from this find was from a crystal found in a pocket at a depth of over 43 feet. In color it is a pleasing light green and weighs 4 23-32 carats. In 1887, at the depth of about 70 feet, another crystal that was cut into a gem of 5 carats was found. Both are too light in color to rank as fine gems. The two largest emeralds, and a series of the smaller ones, are in the cabinet of Clarence S. Bement. Some fine ones are in the British Museum mineral cabinet. The fine emerald color characteristic of many of the crystals is confined to the border from 2.1-100 to 3.1-100 inches in thickness around the edge and near the termination of the crystals. If this edge were thicker, fine gems could be cut from it. The finding of fine beryls and emeralds of pale color, collected by Mr. Stephenson, one mile southwest of the Stony Point deposit and a short distance from the place where the same mineral was found by Mr. Smeaton, of New York shows that the deposit is evidently not accidental, and that there is encouragement for future working in this new locality.

Some beautiful beryls were found at Haddam, Conn., over fifty years ago, the largest of which was 2 inches in length and 1 inch in diameter. They were remarkable from the fact that part of the crystal was of a transparent green color and free from flaws, while below a certain line of demarcation the whole was white and opaque, as if it were a flocculent precipitate. Fine specimens from this locality are in the Peabody Museum of Yale University, in New Haven, Conn., the William S. Vaux Collection, at the Academy of Natural Sciences, in Philadelphia, Pa., and the Bement Collection in the same city. The largest beryls of the world are found at Grafton and Acworth, N. H. From the former locality a crystal $6\frac{1}{4}$ feet long was quarried and another weighing over $2\frac{1}{2}$ tons. One obtained from the Acworth Quarries was 4 feet long and $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter. One of the best known is on exhibition in the rooms of the Boston Society of Natural History. It is a hexagonal prism, $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by 3 feet wide, and weighs several tons. There is also an immense beryl in the United States National Museum, that weighs over 600 pounds. These large crystals are of a pale green color. Some very large crystals still remain in the quarries, where they can be seen, but their extraction is a matter of considerable expense, as it involves the moving of a great deal of rock, and, moreover, it is very difficult to get them out whole, since the material of which beryls are composed is very brittle and filled with rifts, and a slight jar is sufficient to break them when they are not well supported; large crystals, consequently, have always been securely hooped before any attempt was made to move them. Such specimens rarely have transparent spots so large as to allow the cutting of even a small gem.—*From Geo. F. Kunz's "Gems and Precious Stones."*

A Flattering Testimonial.

PLAIN TALK talks plain upon a number of subjects, including Archeology, Philately, Numismatics, and last, but not least, Amateur Journalism. This is a new department, and is edited by Frank C. Smith, 26 Orange St., Waltham, Mass., and ought to be the means of doing much good for the cause. The magazine contains 16 pages of interesting matter, and at the low price at which it is published, 50 cts. a year, should have a large circulation. 5 Beekman St., New York.—*Monthly Visitor*, Haverhill, Mass.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

This department is under special editorial supervision. Contributions solicited. Address: "REBECCA SUSSELINE," in care of PLAIN TALK.

Frances E. Willard.

THE STORY of Miss Willard's life, if measured by the amount of work she has accomplished, would fill many good sized volumes. She was born in Churchville, N. Y., but spent most of her girlhood years on a large farm near Janesville, Wis. While quite young we find her teaching district school and afterwards filling the position of preceptress of the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Seneca, N. Y. Her most important "school" position was that of Dean of the Woman's College at Evansville, Ill., where she labored faithfully and with marked success for three years. Says Miss Gordon: Were one to ask the salient features of her work as a teacher, the reply would be the development of individual character along intellectual and moral lines, the relation to her pupils of their special powers and vocation as workers, her constantly recurring question being not only "What you are going to be in the world?" but "What you are going to do?" So that after six months under her tuition each of her scholars acquired a definite idea of a life-work. She had wonderful power over the girls under her charge, and the system of self-government which she instituted at Evansville, in order to develop womanly self-respect and dignity of character, was a success, while she presided over the large household, her "unwritten laws" and her personal influence being a stronger control for good than any amount of strict and humiliating regulations. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, was her ideal teacher, and she was as grand in her place as he in his.

While yet a teacher Miss Willard addressed a woman's missionary meeting in Chicago, and a gentleman who was present was so struck by her fitness for a public speaker that he called on her the next day and urged that she develop this gift, adding, "If you will within three weeks prepare a lecture on any subject you may choose, I will present you with as fine an audience as can be got together in Chicago." With this he gave her fifty dollars as prepayment. Said Miss Willard: "This proposition quite took my breath away, but I went at once and laid it before mother; she replied, 'By all means, my child, accept; enter every open door!' And so I sat down and wrote a lecture—a pathetic protest against the hindrances in woman's way of advancement. At the expiration of three weeks and with no manuscript visible I appeared before an elegant audience in Centenary Church. The manuscript was with me ready for reference in case of failure, but *I didn't fail!*" The lecture produced such a genuine sensation that within two weeks Miss Willard had nearly one hundred engagements to speak, and her career as a public orator was fairly begun.

Miss Willard believes thoroughly in finding out what one can do best, and in working persistently at that one thing. Her grandest successes have been in connection with the World's Temperance movement, of which she is the acknowledged leader.

The Shut-In Library.

THE LIBRARY in connection with the Shut-In Band has been under the care of one of the shut-ins since 1879. It was suggested with the idea to brighten the lives of those shut away from the world's busy activity. The first few comforting books were contributed by members of the Band. Others heard of the work, and sent books, papers, cards and anything that would entertain the shut-ins during the many hours of enforced quietness. Through the kindness of strangers here and there, the Library has so increased that it contains more than three hundred volumes and many of the books are in constant circulation. The simple plan of passing on books from one to another has proved a joy and comfort, especially to those living in small country towns where good reading is not accessible. Those contributing books send directly to the Librarian. She pays postage in forwarding to the shut-in and they pay one way, either in returning to the Librarian or to some other shut-in. A list of the books is published in the *Open Window* the monthly

magazine of the band so that all may avail themselves of the books and write to the Librarian specifying what book or books they desire.

In connection with the work, Holiday books, cards, stationery and any pretty gifts are sent in by people interested, to be sent to the shut-in at Christmas. Stamps are partly furnished by the Board but the Librarian often falls short so great is the demand for books and papers. It is a beautiful thought that we are trying to bring something fresh into the lives of the sick. Think what it is to live year after year within the same four walls trying to remember to count the mercies and to enjoy the little pleasures with a brave, cheerful spirit, and you will understand better what the shut-in Library is worth to the sick.

ANNIE E. FULLER, Librarian.

Hanover, Conn.

A Paper Owl.

THIS IS a cute little hanging ornament easily made. Take a rectangular piece of tissue paper of the desired size, and draw it in near one end to indicate the neck, and near the other for the tail. Shape it with the fingers, pinching in the tail, and puffing out the breast, in loose, gather-like pleats. Mount the paper bird upon a cross-piece of rough stick with the bark on, so that the tip of the tail will extend below the stick, the breast puff out over it. To each end of the stick fasten the end of the ribbon, by which the ornament is to be hung up. When hung up, the ribbon and stick taut in the shape of a triangle. Now pull out the upper corners of the owl's head, to imitate ears, and tack them fast to the ribbon, passing just behind them. The ribbon will thus hold the whole bird in shape and place. Cut two large circles of yellow paper for the eyes. Sew them in place with a black shoe-button in the center of each. Take a piece of stiff black paper, cut it into the shape of a long diamond. Pinch this diamond into a ridge, and fasten it in place for a beak. Now touch up the owl with paint. Draw a blackish rim around the eyes, and irregular spots or streaks on the puffed paper, to imitate the marking of the feathers. A dark owl may be made of brown paper, touched up with yellowish white. A gray owl may be made of white paper, touched up with black. With a stuffed bird for a model, a great horned owl might as easily be imitated as a little screech owl.

Flower Notes.

THE passion vine should be propagated from cuttings, if plants for bloom are desired, as seedling plants seldom flower freely.

It is said that geraniums, heliotropes, fuchsias, and other young plants kept during summer with just enough water to keep alive, and in pots small enough to prevent large growth, make good window plants in the winter. If young plants are not at hand, obtain them by rooting cuttings now.

Though a bed of the lily-of-the-valley will often last for many years, yet plants sometimes becomes so crowded that after a few years they lose their vigor and should be thinned out. This is best done by digging out alternate strips of about one foot in width through the bed and filling in the space with soil and manure.

Abutilon or Flowering Maple is a handsome parlor tree with its hanging bells of crimson and gold. It needs a sandy soil, or it will grow too tall; ordinary garden soil loosened with sand is sufficient. If it does not bloom freely, the air of the room is too hot and close; water freely, and sprinkle the leaves once a week with a fine rose watering pot.

The Japanese Honeysuckle (*Lonicera Halliana*), is the most valuable of all the honeysuckles for covering a piazza or arbor. It is nearly evergreen, in mild winters retaining its foliage till the approach of spring, and never shedding it before midwinter. It makes a dense growth, and is literally covered for several months with deliciously fragrant flowers. The great point, however, is the fact that an insect of any kind is never seen on it.

GAMES AND PASTIMES.

Contributions for this department are solicited in regard to every variety of indoor and outdoor amusement.

The Word Hunt.

THIS pleasant pastime which closed May 10, longimetry being the base word, had more contestants than for several months, twelve new ones endeavoring to secure a prize. Hereafter, the number of words in the original list together with the number of correct words will be given, just to show those who try for a prize how incorrect some of the lists are. In many cases a letter is used which does not appear in the base word, which has a great tendency to cut down the lists.

The prizes in this contest are awarded as follows:

First to J. W. Falkner, Freeport, Pa., 374 correct words; original list 395.

Second to Mrs T. N. McClelland, 83 Spring street, Lexington, Ky., 363 correct words; original list, 385.

Third to Albert Pennell, West Gray, Maine, 355 correct words; original list 370.

Other lists were received and reduced as follows: C. C. Harris, from 394 to 353; Belle Babcock, from 377 to 352; Tillie Taylor, from 372 to 348; Emma I. Hauck, from 387 to 344, while others had so few words that it was not necessary to look them over.

The word selected for the next word-building contest is

CENTUMVIRAL.

Note this particular: Hereafter all prize papers must be sent to GEO. D. THOMAS, 14 High Street, Waltham, Mass., who is to have charge of this contest.

The rules governing the contest are as follows:

1. Only subscribers can compete, but any one may send their subscriptions in with their list of words.
2. Proper names will not be allowed, and only words found in the body of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, which will be considered a final authority in deciding all disputed points.
3. Prefixes, suffixes and abbreviations will not be counted, nor will plurals be allowed.
4. Words marked "obsolete" will not be counted, unless they are still current in some one of their meanings.
5. Words of different meaning, but spelt the same, count as one word.
6. Words of the same meaning, but spelled differently, count one word for each spelling, unless one is obsolete.
7. No letter can be used more than once in the same word unless used more than once in the word or words used as a basis of the contest.
8. All lists must be written in ink (or on a type writer) and must be alphabetically arranged, and the words numbered consecutively.
9. The full name and address of the contestant must be written at the top of the first sheet, and also the word used as the basis of the contest.
10. In case of a close contest, the number of errors and the general neatness of the work will be taken into consideration in awarding the prize.

The contest will close July 10th, and the result will be announced in the August number.

The first prize will be a copy each of Martin Chuzzlewit, Our Mutual Friend, and Christmas Stories; the second prize a copy each of Oliver Twist, and Sketches by Boz; the third prize a copy each of Old Curiosity Shop, and Great Expectations.

Answers to a "Bible Question."

THE following verse contains all the letters of the alphabet except j, and is the one referred to in our April number:

"And I, even I, Arraxexes, the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra, the priest, the scribe of the law of God of heaven, shall require of you, it be done speedily."—Ezra vii, 21.

The first correct answer was received from Miss Helen B. Brown, Old Bridge, N. J. Correct answers were also sent in by Anna Blackie, Tillie Taylor, Gertrude Martin, Glenn Crumb, George R. Merrill, Wm. D. Logan, Wm. Wuesner, Libbie Murphy, Edith Francis and many others.

The Lawyer.

EACH gentleman chooses a partner, and then all stand in a circle, except one person in the centre, who becomes the lawyer. He is to ask questions of any person in the company; but the answer in every case must be given, not by the person addressed, but by his or her partner. If the person spoken to makes answer, or if the partner fails to do so promptly, the person so answering, or failing, as the case may be, must take the lawyer's place. By asking questions rapidly, and turning quickly from one side of the company to the other some one is sure to get caught.

How Many?

WHEN asked how many nuts he had in his basket, a boy replied that when he counted them over 2 by 2, 3 by 3, 4 by 4, 5 by 5, or 6 by 6, there was 1 remaining; when he counted them by 7s there was no remainder. How many had he?

A Test in Punctuation.

THE following sentence is a celebrated punctuation puzzle, and if properly punctuated makes good sense:

"If Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter then he was the daughter of Pharaoh's son."

Also makes sense if punctuated properly:

"King Charles I walked and talked three days after he was executed."

Who can properly punctuate the above? For the first correct answer will be given a handsome prize, unnamed at present. See August issue.

The Flour Drummer.

ONE person becomes the flour drummer, and tries to sell his flour to members of the party, who must answer promptly every question he asks, but without using the words *flour*, *I*, *yes*, and *no*. This will require sharp watching, as some one is almost sure to get caught. The drummer might ask, "Do you want any flour to-day?" The answer, "No, I don't care for any," would involve two forfeits for using *I* and *no*. "Don't care for any," would avoid the forbidden words. The drummer may vary his questions, praise his goods, and in every way endeavor to get some one to use one of the words. The person so doing must take his place and also pay a forfeit.

An Ingenious Trick.

ONE OF THE puzzling tricks performed by so called public mind readers, or clairvoyants, is an extremely simple deception. The performer standing on the stage asks several persons in the audience to write each a sentence on a slip of paper and seal it in an envelope. Of course the stationary is furnished, and afterward collected. One of the audience is a confederate, and writes a sentence agreed upon beforehand. When the assistant goes through the house gathering up the envelopes, the confederate's contribution is carefully put where it will be the last one of the lot to be taken up.

The performer picks out an envelope, and after feeling of it, with much ceremony pronounces the sentence agreed upon, and the confederate in the audience acknowledges that he wrote it. To confirm this the performer tears open the envelope and repeats the sentence as though he found it on the inclosed paper, which is in reality another man's sentence, which he reads, and then, picking up another envelope and fumbling it over, he calls out the sentence he has just read. The one who wrote it says it is right, the performer tears open the envelope, reads what is in it, and proceeds in that way through the lot.

A Magic Square.

ARRANGE the numbers from 1 to 81 so that the whole will make a magic square having the sum of its lines, files and diagonals the same. Remove the marginal numbers and still have a magic square, and repeat the same process with like results until but one number remains, which will be the greatest common divisor of the sums of the several squares.

Crossing the River.

THREE Englishmen traveling in Africa with three native servants come to a river which must be crossed in a canoe that will hold but two persons. The travelers suspect the fidelity of their servants, who have secretly agreed to kill them whenever there should happen to be three natives alone with two Englishmen, or two natives to one Englishman. How do they manage to cross without giving the desired opportunity to the treacherous servants?

ALL SORTS.

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

Twenty Questions About Railways.

- HOW many miles of railway in the United States?
- How much have they cost?
 - How many people are employed by them?
 - What is the fastest time made by a train?
 - What is the cost of a high-class eight-wheel passenger locomotive?
 - What is the longest mileage operated by a single system?
 - What is the cost of a Palace sleeping car?
 - What is the longest railroad bridge span in the United States?
 - What is the highest railroad bridge in the United States?
 - Who built the first locomotive in the United States?
 - What road carries the largest number of passengers?
 - What is the average daily earning of an American locomotive?
 - What is the longest American railway tunnel?
 - What is the average cost of constructing a mile of railroad?
 - Where and when was the first sleeping car used?
 - What are the chances of fatal accident in railway travel?
 - What line of railway extends furthest East and West?
 - How long does a steel rail last, with average wear?
 - What road carries the largest number of commuters?
 - What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco?

ANSWERS.

- 150,600 miles; about half the mileage of the world.
- \$9,000,000,000.
- More than 1,000,000.
- 422 6-10 miles in 7 hours, 23 minutes (443 minutes); one mile being made in 41 11-29 seconds, on the West Shore Railroad, New York.
- About \$8,500.
- Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe System, about 8,000 miles.
- About \$15,000 or \$17,000 if "Vestibuled."
- Cantilever Span in Poughkeepsie bridge, 548 feet.
- Kinzua Viaduct, on the Erie Road, 305 feet high.
- Peter Cooper.
- Manhattan Elevated Railroad, New York; 525,000 a day, or 191,625,000 yearly.
- About \$100.
- Hoosac Tunnel, on the Fitchburg Railway. (4¼ miles.)
- At the present time about \$30,000.
- Upon the Cumberland Valley Railroad of Pennsylvania; from 1836 to 1848.
- One killed in ten million. Statistics show more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents.
- Canadian Pacific Railway, running from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean.
- About eighteen years.
- Illinois Central, 4,828,128, in 1887.
- 3 days, 7 hours, 39 minutes, and 16 seconds. Special theatrical train, June, 1876.

All About Gold.

A VAIN man's motto is: "Win gold, and wear it;" a generous man's, "Win gold, and share it;" a miser's, "Win gold, and spare it;" a profligate's, "Win gold, and spend it;" a broker's, "Win gold, and lend it;" a gambler's, "Win gold, and lose it;" a wise man's, "Win gold, and use it."

The Fisher of Men.

T WAS late, 'most 'leven o'clock, an' the sarm'n had begun. These was a strange man a-prechin', some one from over to the hotel. I never heerd his name, I never seed him from that day to this; but I knowed his face. Queer enough, I's seed him a-fishin'. I never knowed he was a min'ster; he did not look like one. He went about like a real fisherman, with ole clo'es, an' an' ole hat with hooks stuck in it, an' big rubber boots, an' he fished, reely fished, I mean—ketchéd 'em. I guess 'twas that made me liss'n a leetle shaper 'n us'al, for I never seed a fishin' min'ster afore. Elder Jack's'n, he said 'twas a sin! 'wast cruel o' time, an' ole Parson Loomis, he said 'an' idee that 'twas cruel an' ommarciful; so I thought I'd jest see what this man 'd preach about, an' I settled down to liss'n to the sarm'n.

"But there wa'n't no sarm'n; not what I'd been raised to think was the on'y true kind. There wa'n't no heads, no fustly nor sec'ndlys, nor fin'ly bruthrins, but the fust thing I knowed I was hearin' a story, an' 'twas a fishin' story. 'Twass about Some One—I had'n't the least idee then who 'twas, an' how much it all meant—Some One that was drefle fnd o' fishin' an' fishermen, Some One that sot everythin' by the water, and useter go along by the lakes an' ponds, an' sail on 'em, an' talk with the men that was fishin'. An' how the fishermen all liked him, 'nd asked his 'dvice, an' done jest's he telled 'em about the likeliest places to fish; an' how they allers ketchted more for mindin' him; an' how when he was a-preachin' he wouldn't go into a big meetin' house an' talk to rich folks all slicked up, but he'd jest go out in a fishin'-boat, an' ask men to shove out a mite, an' he'd talk to the folks on shore,—the fishin' folks an' their wives, an' the boys an' gals playin' on the shore. An' then, best o' everythin', he telled how when he was a-choosin' the men to go about with him an' help him an' larn his ways so's to come a'ter him, he fust o' all picked out the men he'd seen every day fishin', and mebbe fished with hisself; for he knowed he could trust 'em.

"An' then he telled us about the day this preacher come along by the lake,—a drefle sightly place, this min'ster said; he'd seed it hisself when he was trav'lin' in them countries,—an' come acrost two men he knowed well; they was brothers, an' they was a-fishin'. An' he jest asked 'em in his pleasant-spoken, frien'ly way,—there wa'n't never such a drawin' takin', lovin' way with any man afore as this man had, the min'ster said,—he jest asked 'em to come along with him; an' they lay down their poles, an' everythin' an' jined him. An' then he come along a spell further, an' he sees two boys out with their ole father, an' they was tin' in a boat an' fixin' up their tackle, an' he asked 'em if they'd jine him, too, an' they jest dropped all their things, an' left the ole man with the boat an' the fish an' the bait, an' fllored the preacher. I don't tell it very good. I've read it an' read it sence that; but I want to make ye see how it sounded to me, how I took it, as the min'ster telled it that summer day in Francony meetin'. Ye see I'd no idee who the story was about, the man put it so plain, in common kind o' talk, without any come-to-passes an' whuffers an' thuffers, an' I never conceited 'twas a Bible narrative. I says to myself, 'That's the kind y' teacher I want.'"—*Annie Trumbull Slosson.*

When Begins the Twentieth Century?

WHEN DOES the twentieth century begin?" is asked. The instant after December 31, 1900, and not 1899, as many believe. The reason is this: The first century did not end with the year 99, but the year 100; the second with the year 200, the nineteenth century with the year 1900—just as your first hundred dollars ends with 100, and your second begins with 101 and ends with 200. Some people absolutely won't see this.

A Question of Latin.

S O THAT fellow Brown married the popular Miss Jones, and she had a dozen better men at her feet." "Yes, and he calls her 'E pluribus unum.'" "E pluribus unum!" What does he mean by that?" "Won from many. Brown is a great latin scholar, don't you know."—*Washington Star.*

Proverbs from the Talmud.

Deal with those who are fortunate.
 Silence is the fence around wisdom.
 No man is impatient with his creditors.
 He who is loved by man is loved by God.
 The cook and the owl both await day-light.
 Truth is heavy, therefore few care to carry it.
 The soldiers fight and the kings are heroes.
 Hospitality is an expression of divine worship.
 A myrtle, even in the desert, remains a myrtle.
 The cat and the rat make peace over a carcass.
 The weakness of thy walls invites the burglar.
 If thou tellest thy secret to three persons, ten know it.

The City of Blaine.

THE CITY of Blaine is in the extreme northwest corner of the United States, on the international boundary line and the Gulf of Georgia. This international line is not an intangible line. It is possible to lay a penny so that it will be half in the United States and half in Canada. A number of years ago a joint commission surveyed a line westward from the Lake of the Woods and erected an iron monument every mile. Through the forest they cleared a strip twenty feet wide, as straight as a string, and in the centre of that strip, at intervals of a mile, stand monuments. On the Canadian side is inscribed "Treaty of Washington," and on the United States side "June 15, 1846," the date of the treaty.

An Irish Gentleman.

THE SEATS were all full and one was occupied by a rough-looking Irishman. At one of the stations a couple of well-bred and intelligent looking young ladies came in to procure seats, but seeing no vacant ones were about to go into another car when Patrick rose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the ladies with a smile, and with truest politeness hesitating to accept it. "Never ye mind that," said the Hibernian, "yer welcome to it. I'd ride upon the cow-ketcher any time from here till New York for a smile from such gentlemanly ladies," and retreated into the next car amid the applause of those who witnessed the incident. Perhaps the foregoing hint to many ladies will show that a trifle of politeness has often a happy effect.

One of the nicest little magazines for boys and girls is PLAIN TALK. The last number to reach us has a neat cover and is full of information and good things for the young people.—*Times*, Inlay City, Mich.

Mr. Haggard's Realism.

IT IS generally conceded that the charm of Mr. Haggard's writings consists mainly in his making actual adventures the setting for his tales. Notwithstanding the improbability of his characters and plots, when he describes scenery and adventure a certain air of realism prevails. He has actually traversed the ground and experienced the scenes which he describes. This inference is freshly suggested by a paragraph in "Jess." A man—the hero—has been wounded in the thigh; the wound has been dressed; but after the surgeon has departed, a ligature slips, and secondary hemorrhage occurs. The wounded man himself attempts to stop the flow, and the paragraph continues: "Presently, John's pressure on the wounded artery relaxed, and he fainted off, when, oddly enough, just then the flow of blood diminished considerably." This naive remark bears the stamp of genuineness. The writer had stood by the wounded man, had seen the spurting artery, and had tried, ineffectually, to stop the flow. He had been alarmed by the death-like faint, and, again, in the extremity of need, had been amazed to see the flow spontaneously cease. So he says: "Oddly enough, the flow of blood diminished." If this scene had, on the other hand, been a concoction of Mr. Haggard's brain, he could have consulted a medical friend or a book, and would have had no occasion for that "oddly enough." He would have known that fainting means failure of the heart, and that without the force of the heart hemorrhage is impossible. When John's pressure on the wounded artery relaxed and he fainted off, instead of "oddly enough," he would have said "naturally enough, then the flow of blood ceased."—*The Nightingale*.

Soldiers as Wood-Cutters.

THE FALLING of a big tree under the woodman's axe is always an impressive sight—and an impressive sound—as all country-bred readers will testify. The historian of the "Seventy-ninth Highlanders," of New York, describes the cutting down of a whole hillside of trees under circumstances that must have made it a memorable spectacle. It was during the advance of the army of the Potomac after the defeat at Bull Run. Fortifications were ordered thrown up, and the men of the Maine and Wisconsin regiments were set at the work of tree-felling, a work with which they proved themselves perfectly familiar. It was an interesting sight to witness the simultaneous fall of a whole hillside of timber. The choppers began at the foot of the hill, the line extending for perhaps half a mile. They cut only part way through the tree, and in this way worked up to the crest, leaving the trees in the top row in such a condition that a single blow would bring them down. Then, when all was ready, the bugle sounded, and the last strokes were given. Down came the upper tier of trees. These brought down those below them, and, like the billows on the surface of the ocean, the entire forest fell with a crash like mighty thunder.

Some Largest Things.

MAMMOTH Cave in Kentucky is the largest cavern.

Fairmount park, Philadelphia, is the largest park in the world.

The largest desert is Sahara, 4,000 miles long and 900 miles wide.

The largest library is the Imperial of Paris, which contains over 2,000,000 volumes.

At the Woolwich, Eng., arsenal is the largest anvil. It weighs six hundred tons, and the block upon which it rests weighs 103 tons.

The largest trees are in Tulare county, California. Some of them are over 370 feet high and thirty-four feet in diameter, and are from 2,000 to 2,500 years old.

The largest specimen of the bovine species ever recorded was the 4,900 pound ox raised by Samuel Aarkley in Pennsylvania and exhibited at the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia.

The largest empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 8,557,658 square miles—more than a sixth part of the land of the globe, and embracing under its rule nearly a sixth part of the population of the world.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly sixty-eight feet and its height is twenty-one feet. Its stoutest part is twenty-three inches thick and its weight has been computed to be 443,779. It has never been hung.

The largest gun in the United States, mounted, is the twenty-nine Rodman smooth bore at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor. Its length is 243.5 inches; maximum diameter, sixty-four inches; minimum diameter, thirty-four inches. The charge is 200 pounds of powder and the weight of the projectile is 1,000 pounds.

Men You Hear Of.

M. R. D. Blackmore, the English novelist, now devotes more attention to his market garden than to his pen.

F. Marion Crawford, author of "Mr. Isaacs," etc., writes a three volume novel, when he gets started, in thirty days—a chapter each day.

Edward Bellamy, the author of "Looking Backward," spends most of his leisure hours in sorting and labeling his collection of rare sea shells.

Gen. Lew Wallace writes his first draft upon a slate and finishes upon large sheets of white, unruled paper in a most faultless chirography.

Henry Villard's fondness for studying languages amounts almost to a passion. His railroad interests occupy all his time during the day, but nearly all his evenings are given over to the erudite and careful study of some of the more interesting phases of the different tongues with which he is acquainted.

PUZZLEDOM.

CONDUCTED BY "FISCO."

Address all communications pertaining to this Department to EDGAR D. MELVILLE, Puzzle Editor PLAIN TALK, 924 Upland Street, Chester, Pa.

Answers to Puzzles that Appeared in the April Number.

NO. 1.

1. Finger, finer.
2. Month, moth.
3. Moist, most.

NO. 2.

s c a r
c a n e
a n n a
r e a d

NO. 3.

w h o m
h a r e m
o r d a i n
m e a s l e s
m i l d e w
n e e l e
s w e t

NO. 4.—MERRY CHRISTMAS.

New Puzzles.

1. LETTER CHANGES.

1. Change one letter in a word meaning a small inlet and have fossil coal charred. 2. Again change the letter and have a system. 3. Again and have to move toward. 4. Again and have to contend, strive or oppose. 5. Again and have a solid body tapering to a point from a circular base. 6. Again and have the heart or inner part. 7. Once more and have a pen or sheep-fold.

"NEMO."

2. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. A color. 3. A carousal. 4. A member. 5. A letter.

GEO. D. THOMAS.

3. SQUARE.

1. A ticket. 2. A chilly fit. 3. Stratagem. 4. An animal hunted for venison.

"NEMO."

4. DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To command. 3. Relating to a city. 4. To turn up with a spade. 5. A letter.

GEO. D. THOMAS.

Miss Anna Blackie, Besemer, N. Y., won the prizes offered in the April number.

Complete lists of answers were received from Miss Anna Blackie, Dr. Wm. H. Danforth, Mrs. A. E. White, J. A. Pollard, Albert Gray, J. W. Falkner, "Incognito," "Nemo."

PRIZE.

A fine target gun, with darts and targets complete; for in-door or out-door use and suitable for either boys or girls.

The above named prize will be awarded on the following plan; If an even number of correct answers are received, the prize will be sent to the one sending the first; if an odd number, to the one sending the middle correct answer, unless divisible by five, when it will be given for the last correct answer.

Answers to puzzles appearing in this issue will be published in the August number, 1890, and answers will be received up to July 10th, but no answers received after that date will count.

PALAVER.

At present there is a great deal of interest taken in Puzzledom. This fact we are glad to note, and hope that the interest thus shown will not abate, but, instead, greatly increase. The publishers of PLAIN TALK offer good and substantial prizes to meritorious puzzlers—prizes that are worth competing for. Our mode of awarding prizes is about the fairest known. If any subscriber can conceive a better plan, we would be pleased to correspond with him on the subject. No matter where you reside, if in Maine or California or Canada, you have an equal chance, providing your answers reach us before such dates as stated from month to month.

AMATEUR PRESS NOTES.

[Address everything to Frank C. Smith, Editor, 26 Orange Street, Waltham, Mass.]

Political.

Boston and Philadelphia are making a close fight for the convention seat of the National Association in '91. *Clover Leaf* official organ of the Philadelphia Amateur Journalists' Club, and the *Hub Official*, of the Hub Amateur Journalists' Club, make the contest decidedly interesting.—A. D. Grant of *Progress*, New Glasgow, N. S., is as yet the only candidate for the presidency of the National. The Grant committee has organized and issue *Our National Candidate*. G. E. Frye, Chairman. Quite a number of tickets have been put in the field. *Dilettante* of Indianapolis nominates E. J. Mock for Treasurer; the Philadelphia and Wilmington, Pa., clubs have nominated E. J. Hardcastle of *Delewarean*, Wilmington, Del. For Official Editor, the Hub A. J. C. have nominated Wm. S. Dunlap, of *Messenger*, Ripon, Wis., the Philadelphia and Wilmington A. J. C's, A. J. Hardcastle, of *Delewarean*, John L. Tomlinson of *Commentator*, Chicago, Ill., and Chas. R. Burger, of *Progress*, Jersey City, N. J., have been mentioned.—The Massachusetts tickets are out. C. A. Sheffield of *Press*, Florence for president, seems to be the general choice. For Official Editor, Mrs. E. M. Frye, L. A. Nutter and F. C. Smith have been mentioned.—For the presidency of the New England A. P. A., Geo. E. Frye now official editor, has been named. J. T. Morton, Jr., for Official Editor.—J. T. Tomlinson has been named for the Presidency of the Western A. P. A.

THE CONVENTIONS.

The National A. P. A. will meet at Indianapolis, Ind., July 24, 25, 26, at the Bates House. S. J. Steinburg is the chairman of the Committee on Arrangements.

The Massachusetts A. P. A. convenes at Boston on July 4th. The N. E. A. P. A. will also meet there on the same day. Mrs. E. M. Frye is chairman of Committee on arrangements.

The June meeting of the Hub A. J. C., is at Lynn.—The *Rural Critic* is a new one from New Lisbon, N. Y.—The *May Clipper*, Bowling Green, Ky., is well made up in printing and in contents.—The *Amateur Writer*, "A Bi-Monthly Published to Encourage Inexperienced

Authors" brings out its initial with May. F. F. Heath of *Stars and Stripes*, is the subject of a sketch and portrait.—The *Reveille*, from the Pennsylvania Military Academy, is devoted largely to military affairs. The make-up is good.—*Young America*, Cobleskill, N. Y., is a patent inside and out blanket sheet with an attractive name, which is all that can be said of it.—The *N. S. H. S. Exponent* and the *High School Breccia* of Deering, Me., represent two extremes of the Union. The *Breccia* retains its newspaper form.—For Ornithologists and Oologists the *American Osprey*, from Ashland, Ky., is a valuable companion. We like its timely articles.—*Shark* is liberally interspersed with initial letters and tail pieces. O. L. Stevens, president of the M. H. P. A., relaxes his dignity long enough to contribute a catchy little conceit, "The Way it Happened."—*Farrago* certainly does not belie its name.—We have received Hart's Agents' Directory, published by Wm. H. Hart, Newton, Mass.—*Times*, Haverhill, Mass enlarges with the May number.—The *Stamp Collector's Journal* is another of the many philatelic papers. It comes from Lake Village, N. H.—The *Water-ville, Mass., Gazette* has re-appeared.—The *Mission Courier*, official organ of the Boys' Mission Club, Wilmington, Del., celebrates its second anniversary with an autobiography of its first issue.—The *Item*, of Islip, L. I., is a veritable curiosity. It can boast of being the only one of its kind, a paper printed or rather, written with a type-writer. We hope this proud distinction will not overwhelm it, and hope to see it live and enter into the ranks in type before long.

THE LATEST.

The *Ideal* from Philadelphia, comes with the news of A. D. Grant's withdrawal from the Presidential candidacy of the N. A. P. A., and nominates Will S. Dunlop of the *Messenger*, and Miss H. C. Cox of *Our Compliments* for Official Editor. Miss Cox is receiving support everywhere. John L. Tomlinson of the *Commentator*, Chicago, Ill., has been nominated for President of the N. A. P. A. The different papers received, show hot work among the various politicians of the A. P. Associations of the country.

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

This Department is established in response to numerous requests from subscribers. All readers are invited to make use of it, remembering the following rules: **FIRST**—Brevity. **SECOND**—Clearness of statement. **THIRD**—Decisive knowledge of what is wanted. **FOURTH**—The desirability of confining themselves, as much as possible, to questions of interest to others as well as themselves. All questions will be given attention as early as possible, although in some cases more or less delay may be necessary.

W. M., Orillia.—The list you ask for is too large to give here. The best way to get the desired information is to consult a late catalogue, which may be had of the principal dealers for 25 cents.

L. W. P. Slaughter, Wash.—In answering your question last month the paper we intended to name was *The Philatelist*, 419 East 15th St., N. Y. City.

R. H. S., Chicago.—1. The "American Archaeological Association" is an organization composed of persons interested in the study of the history of early men in America, and one of its departments is devoted to the exchange of specimens. A copy of the Constitution can be obtained by addressing the Secretary, Alvah Davison, at 176 Broadway, N. Y. City. 2. Full particulars as to the rules governing the word-building contests will be found in the page of "Games and Pastimes."

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